

THE *William*
Coach that Nap ran from:

AN EPIC POEM IN TWELVE BOOKS.

ILLUSTRATED WITH

TWELVE COLOURED ENGRAVINGS.

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE,

OR, EMBELLISHED WITH

A TICKET OF ADMISSION TO THE EXHIBITION

Piccadilly London
BUONAPARTE'S

MILITARY CARRIAGE,

AT THE LONDON MUSEUM.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.

11

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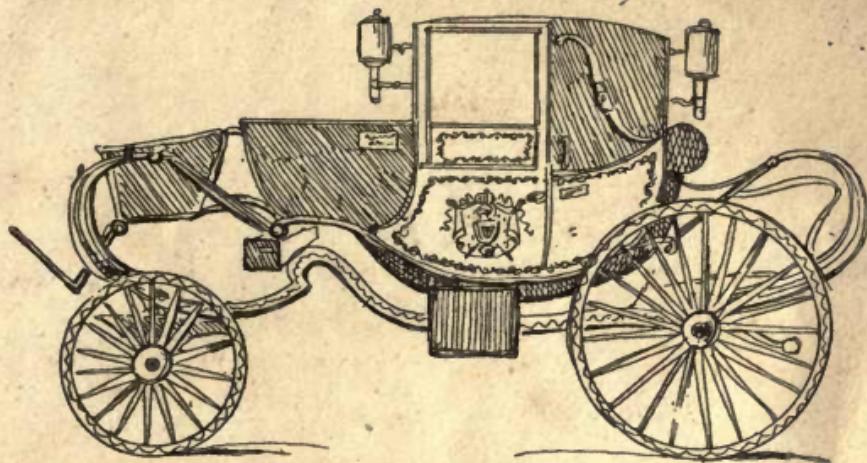
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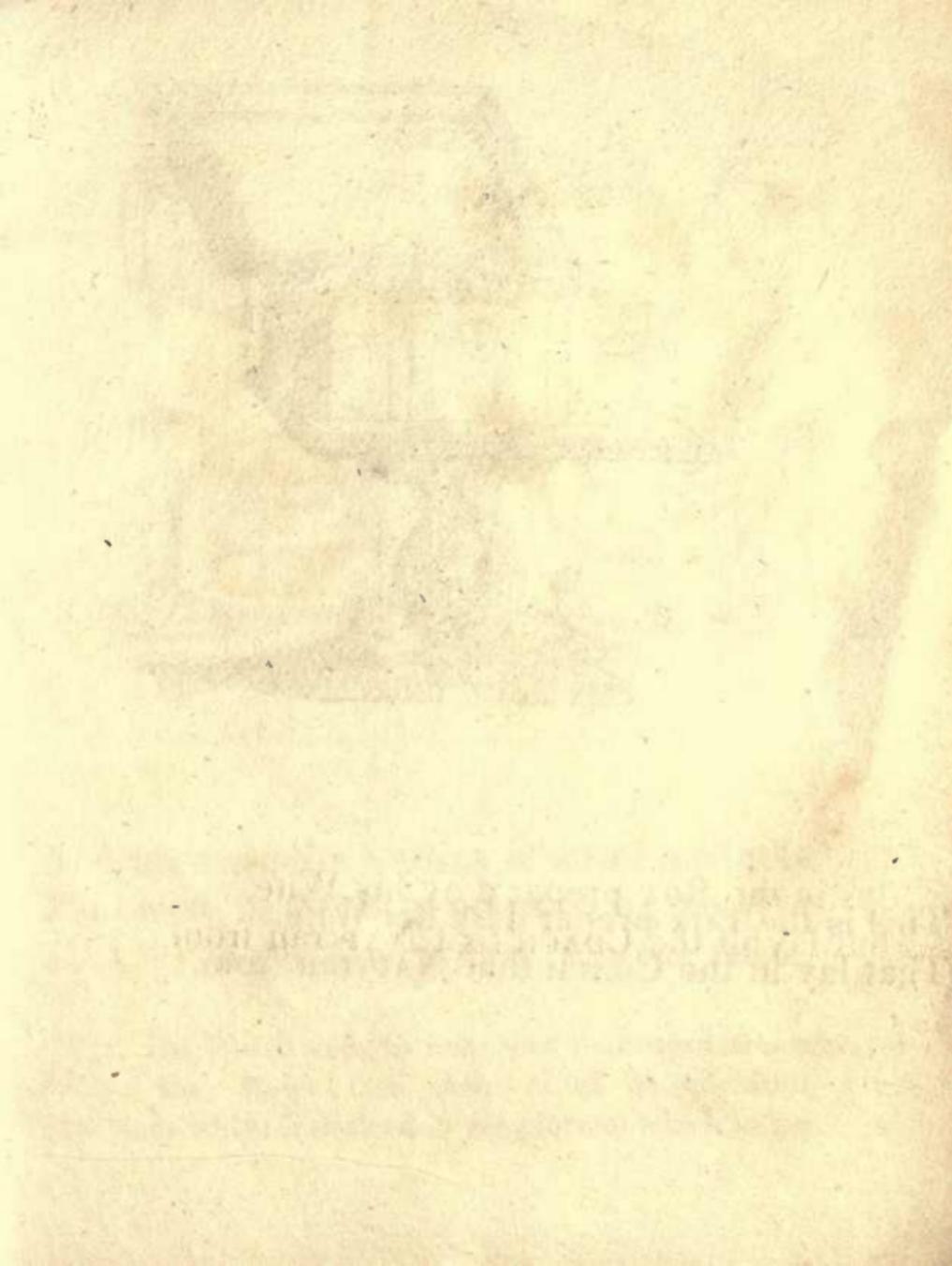
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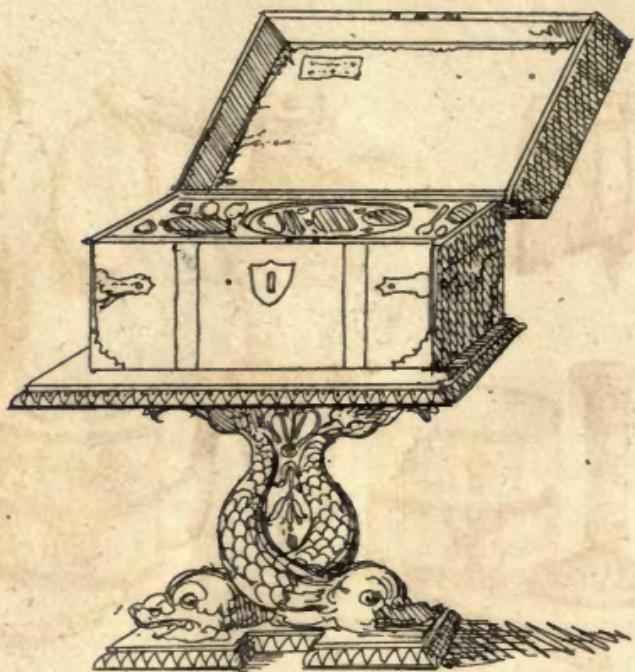


This is the COACH that NAP ran from.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

Tippe the good old tom
mon just the V. just the V. just the V.





This is the Box prepar'd by his Wife,
That lay in the COACH that NAP ran from.



And here are the **SPOILS** of silver and gold!
 That were in the Box prepar'd by his Wife,
 That lay in the **COACH** that **NAP** ran from.

* * * The Watch tells the hour that it changed its master, correctly; the Moon then shone in all its splendour, a circumstance which is noticed in the pictures which follow.



These are the HORSES, in harness so fine,
That drew on the SPOILS of silver and gold,
That were in the Box prepar'd by his Wife,
That lay in the COACH that NAP ran from.



And this is the **COACHMAN**, in the **Moonshine**,
That drove the **SIX HORSES**, in harness so fine,
That drew on the **SPOILS** of silver and gold,
That were in the **Box** prepar'd by his **Wife**,
That lay in the **COACH** that **NAP** ran from.

THIS IS A COPY OF THE
LAW OF THE STATE OF
NEW YORK, AS IT EXISTED
IN THE YEAR ONE THOUSAND
SEVEN HUNDRED AND
THREE, AND IS
INTENDED FOR THE
USE OF THE
PEOPLE OF
THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

This is the blood of him avenged on you all that did
desile me of mine right, when as I was in the朝房 for to do my selfe
This mornynge I am assynd of these knyghts that did me this wrong
That a knyght of this knyghts shold be in the朝房
That a knyght shold be in the朝房 and do me this wrong
That a knyght shold be in the朝房 and do me this wrong
That a knyght shold be in the朝房 and do me this wrong

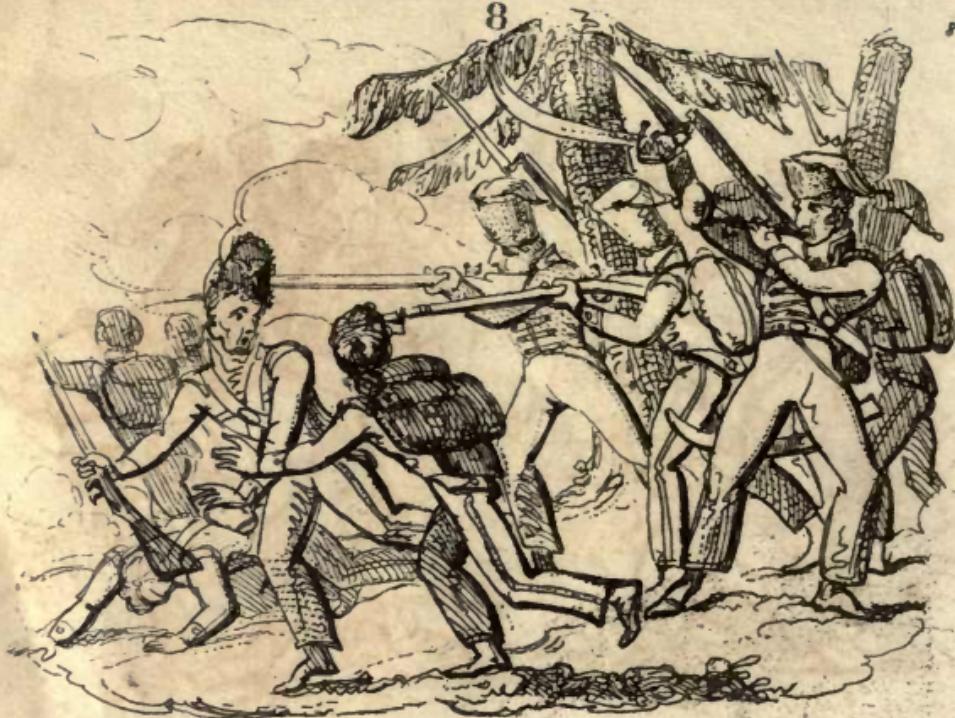


This is the **BARON**, so brave and so bold,
That cut down the **COACHMAN**, in the Moonshine,
That drove the **SIX HORSES**, in harness so fine,
That drew on the **SPOILS** of silver and gold,
That were in the **Box** prepar'd by his Wife,
That lay in the **COACH** that **NAP** ran from.



This is the man with the **BUGLE HORN**,
That sounded the charge the **BARON** led on,
That cut down the **COACHMAN**, in the Moonshine,
That drove the **SIX HORSES**, in harness so fine,
That drew on the **SPOILS** of silver and gold,
That were in the **Box** prepar'd by his Wife,
That lay in the **COACH** that **NAP** ran from.

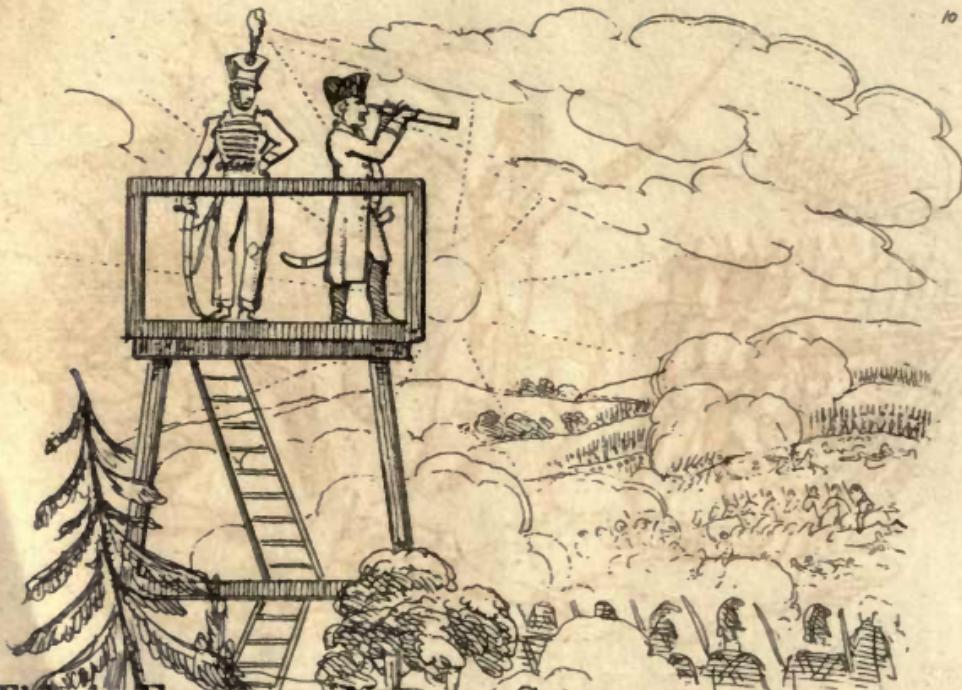
and the last of the series is the "Preston
Court" around which the inferior men had an
old hall which had originally belonged to the
"Wardens of the Merchant Order" and the
old "Bishop's Palace" to the "Bishop of the
Diocese of Lichfield" which was built in
1510. This is the last of the three buildings
which stand on the site of the former
"Bishop's Palace" and the "Court" and the
"Court" were built by the "Bishop" of the
Diocese in the "Court" now known as the



These are **FRENCH SOLDIERS**, all battered and torn,
That fled from the man with the **BUGLE HORN**,
That sounded the charge the **BARON** led on,
That cut down the **COACHMAN**, in the Moonshine,
That drove the **SIX HORSES**, in harness so fine,
That drew on the **SPOILS** of silver and gold,
That were in the **Box** prepar'd by his Wife,
That lay in the **COACH** that **NAP** ran from.



9
And here's the **GREAT BATTLE** and hope forlorn,
Of the **FRENCH SOLDIERS**, all battered and torn,
That fled from the man with the BUGLE HORN,
That sounded the charge the BARON led on,
That cut down the COACHMAN, in the Moonshine,
That drove the SIX HORSES, in harness so fine,
That drew on the SPOILS of silver and gold,
That were in the Box prepar'd by his Wife,
That lay in the COACH that NAP ran from.



THIS is EMPEROR NAP, on SCAFFOLD seen,
 That was *out* of the BATTLE all forlorn,
 That his SOLDIERS *were in*, all battered and torn,
 That fled from the man with the BUGLE HORN,
 That sounded the charge the BARON led on,
 That cut down the COACHMAN, in the Moonshine,
 That drove the SIX HORSES, in harness so fine,
 That drew on the SPOILS of silver and gold,
 That were in the Box prepar'd by his Wife,
 That lay in the COACH that NAP ran from.



THIS HERO can, on danger smile,
 His Fame resounds through Britain's Isle,
 He car'd not e'er for Foeman's mien,
 Or e'er for NAP on SCAFFOLD seen,
 That was *out* of the BATTLE all forlorn,
 That his SOLDIERS were *in*, all battered and torn,
 That fled from the man with the BUGLE HORN,
 That sounded the charge the BARON led on,
 That cut down the COACHMAN, in the Moonshine,
 That drove the SIX HORSES, in harness so fine,
 That drew on the SPOILS of silver and gold,
 That were in the Box prepar'd by his Wife,
 That lay in the COACH that NAP ran from.



The wonderful COACH, from which NAPPY flew,
At BULLOCK's Museum, is open to view ;
And if you will please, to take a walk in,
The whole will be shown, as neat as a pin ;
His Watch, Knives and Forks, and Cup you will see,
Besides his Gold Pot, for making his tea ;
His Plates, Spoons, and Bedstead, and, to be short,
His Silver Utensils, of every sort ;
And if you wish you, may have a step through,
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OR,

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